

been provided for the purpose of increasing the general knowledge of the condition of the masses, of unconverted in our own country, and the frightful darkness in the benighted pagan lands. Every King's Children Society in the church ought to see to it that there is a Circle organized. Old and young can take hold of this work and each should encourage the other in this mighty work that the Lord has given into our hands.

Now dear King's Children, can we have a hearty response to the work?

J. O. TALLEY.

THE MISSIONARY CIRCLE.

The work of the Missionary Circle has been rapidly spreading, and by the first of the year there will be a goodly number of readers ready for the work. The Circle at Warsaw organized with forty members. Ten others have enlisted to read the course, as follows:

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Howe, Columbus, O.; John Brower, Roann, Ind.; W. A. Welty, Ashland, O.; T. C. Leslie, Laporte, Ind.; Mrs. L. B. Edwards, Fair Grove, Mo.; L. A. Hazlet, New Troy, Mich.; Miss Emma Houser; Mrs. Mae Baker, Warsaw, Ind.; Miss Owan Switzer, Warsaw, Ind.

Circles are being organized in a great number of places and will be published as soon as the lists are sent in.

Offerings have been received to extend the work as follows: Nov. 9, 25c.; Nov. 14, \$10.00; Nov. 22, \$1.00; Dec. 15, \$5.00; total, \$16.25.

The literature is now on hand and will be sent free whenever desired. The first program with other items will appear next week.

C. F. YODER, Sec.

Home Circle.

WHERE JESUS WAS BORN.

Christmas Day is the day celebrated as Christ's birthday. We all love the day very much, and are happy when it comes. It was a happy day when Jesus was born. The angels sung a song of gladness, and rejoiced greatly when he came into the world.

But where was he born? It was a long way from our own happy land where we were born. The place of his birth was far to the east of us, over the sea, in Bethlehem, a small city in Palestine, not far from Jerusalem. Joseph and Mary, the parents of Jesus, traveled many miles to reach Bethlehem. When they got there they found a great many people there who had come to pay their taxes, as they had done. There was no room for them in

the inn, or lodging house, so the keeper had to take Joseph and Mary through the house and back to the high hill, where there was another place that was used for a stable. This had only a door in front, and deep caves were behind, stretching far into the rocky hill.

This was the place where Christ was born. Think how poor a place! But Mary was glad to be there, after all.

There were mangers all around the cave, where the cattle and sheep were fed, and great heaps of hay and straw were lying on the floor. And there in the cave the wonderful baby came, and they wrapped him up and laid him in a manger.

There lay the beautiful baby, with a manger for his bed, and oxen and sheep all sleeping quietly around him. His mother watched him and loved him, and, by and by, many people came to see him; for they had heard that a wonderful baby was to be born in Bethlehem. All the people in the inn came to see him, and even the shepherds left their flocks in the fields and came.

This is why Bethlehem is a city of so much importance. It is the place where Jesus was born, a little babe, into this world. What an honored city!

THE KEY-NOTE OF CHRISTMAS.

When you kneel in the green-trimmed church and say over the little prayers which you love, just think, a minute or two afterward, how you can make somebody else happy on Christmas day, and I assure you that you will gain in this more absolute joy than has come from the Christmas presents sent to you. The key-note of Christmas day is the doing for somebody else. The Christ-child came into the world, not to be happy, but to make happiness for others; to make the pathway of life smooth, and to show how forgiving, even unto death, one should be. So make that your Christmas. Make it the day when enmity and grudges are forgotten, when the friendly grasp is given where it has been withheld for a year, and where everything is blotted out from your life except a blessed peace and an entire good-will to all the world.—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

A CHRISTMAS DAUGHTER.

"Chrissy! Chrissy! Come here. What is papa's little maid doing?"

"I 'ited down the fings I wants for K'ismas."

"And what does my precious want?"

"Oh! dess lots. Look there."

Chrissy pointed to a long list of illegible pot-hooks.

"You're just a little fraud; that isn't writing. I can't read it."

"But you can fink it, papa; an' then you'll know dess as well."

By this time, Chrissy was on her father's knee, her small head pressed against his breast.

"Tell me all over again, papa. What makes you give me fings K'ismas day? What makes everyboby?"

The strong man felt how clumsy he was, trying to be father and mother both, but he did his best.

"Because my dearie, long, long ago—longer than you can think—God gave his own Son, to be a baby boy on the first Christmas day, to grow up on earth, to help us all, and lead us into happy ways. So ever after people give each other presents, and keep the day in mind."

"And am I your K'ismas child—an' did God give me to you?" Chrissy put the question like many another small person who knows quite well what the answer will be, yet cannot hear the story too often.

"Yes, darling; four years ago this Christmas."

"My mamma went to heaven then," she mused. "Oh! papa, you gave a K'ismas present to God, didn't you?"

Her face was suddenly aglow. "You gave my mamma to him."

What made papa shake so? What made him strain his little daughter to his heart? A moment for self-control, then he smiled down into the upturned face.

"It is a sweet thought," he said, "and you are my little comforter, Chrissy. Do you know what that is?"

"Es; something to keep you warm."

Then papa laughed outright as he hugged her closer.

"To keep my heart warm," he thought. —*Helen A. Hawley*.

ALL EYES TO BETHLEHEM.

To Bethlehem turn all eyes, of all classes, through all time—Rachels and Ruths, kings and soldiers, shepherds and wise men, prophets and angels, for here a Gem was found of rarer worth than ever casket of royal jewels held; here broke forth a Fountain, purer than ever flowed before, clear as crystal, cold and refreshing, giving life to all who drink; here a King appeared, mightiest of all kings on earth, King of kings and Lord of lords; here a Light shone, brighter than the morning star—the Sun of Righteousness, that ushers in an eternal day!—*Reformed Church Messenger*.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

I heard the bells on Christmas Day

Their old familiar carols play,

And wild and sweet

The words repeat

Of peace on earth, good-will to men.

—*Longfellow*.